



THE EQUATOR. 3

A great old mansion which possessed historical
he had become Orientalized—so much so that
man, and remained so. To please his harem he
English Church. This kind of a man will arrive
was the British general's headquarters. It
about it are many noble trees. The trees
watchful and enterprising sort, and not much
never they get a chance, and carry off every-
of the house was in his bath and the window
and a brush. Some monkeys appeared in the
threw his sponge at him. They did not scare
how paint all over him from the brush and
he floor, and the tanks, and the windows, and
allow, and were in the dressing room painting
slip arrived.

of these creatures came into my room in the
morning through a window whose shutters I had
open, and when I awoke one of them was before
me glass, brushing his hair, and the other one
had my note book, and was reading a page of
humorous notes and crying. I did not mind
the one with the hair brush, but the con-
duct of the other one hurt me; it hurts
me yet. I threw something at him, and
that was wrong, for my host had told
me that monkeys were best left alone.
They threw everything at me they could
lift, and then went into the bathroom
and shut the door.

A Side Note on Sydney.

Did you ever see Sydney? We did.
We entered and cast anchor, and in the
morning went oh-ing and ah-ing in ad-
miration up through the crooks and
turns of the spacious and beautiful
harbor—a harbor which is the
harbor of Sydney and the
wonder of the world. It is
not surprising that the
people are proud of it,
nor that they put
their enthusiasm
into eloquent words.
A returning citizen
asked me what I
thought of it, and I
testified with a cor-
diality which, I
judged, would be up
to the market rate. I
said it was beautiful
—superbly beautiful.
Then by a natural im-
pulse I gave God the
praise. The citizen did
not seem altogether sat-
isfied. He said:
"It is beautiful, of
course it's beautiful—the
harbor; but that isn't all
of it, it's only half of it;
Sydney's the other half,
and it takes both of
them together to ring
the supremacy bell. God
made the harbor, and
I say in disparagement of Sydney, I have often
Satan have been of a very pleasing nature,
tain whether to devote yourself entirely to busi-
ness or great you are tortured to choose.

THE EQUATOR.

a naked, black fakir, thin and skinnny, and whitey
and I took a ride, but it was by request—I did not
use otherwise they would have thought I was
by command—one end of him at a time—and you
can be gets up—one end at a time—just as a ship
monstrously about, his motion is much like a ship's
head with a great iron prod, and you wonder at
you think perhaps the patience will not last; but
all the time, and the elephant seems to un-
obey every order in the most contented and
phantoms were two which were larger than any I
thought I could learn to not be afraid, I would
like were not looking.

many howdahs that were made of silver, one
equipped with cushions and canopies of rich
the elephants was there, too, a vast
gold embroidery.

Bombay.

die," it is "see Bombay and
bewildering place, an An-
Arabian Nights come
contains about a mil-
lions, they are, with
white people—not
slightest modifying
dark complexion of
here, yet the
weather of June, and
and heavenly foliage of
noble great shade trees
hotel, and under them sit
natives of both sexes; and
there with his snakes and
cats and the multitudinous
It does not seem as if one could
shining and smiling spectacle."

Fedfellows.

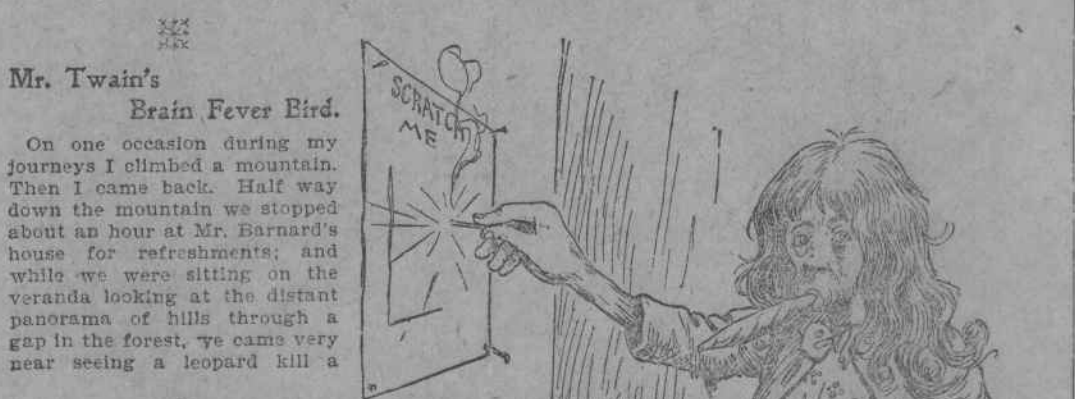
lot. I heard more
than I can remem-
ber ago a Bishop was
progress through a
night he stopped with
shown to bed. He un-
out, and was soon sound
woke up feeling crowded
round the old Beer and his
one on each side, with all their
He had to stay there and stand
until toward dawn, when
for an hour. Then
was gone, but the
at his side."

down, one end at a
he gets up, one
time."

Rhodes the most inter-
national in South Africa
tells: "I watched the 'concentrators' at work—
the diamonds, and was told that each could stir
up per day—1,000 pounds to the carload—and re-
ceive carloads of cash taken to the 'pulsators' and
in, dark-colored sand. Then I followed it to the
little brush it about, and seize the diamonds as
a diamond half as large as an almond. It is an
of pleasure every time you detect the glow of

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR. 4

When I was a youth I used to take all kinds of pledges and do my best to keep them, but
I never could, because I did not strike at the root of the habit—the desire; I generally broke
down within the month. Once I tried limiting a habit. That worked tolerably well for a while.
I pledged myself to smoke but one cigar a day. I kept the cigar waiting until bedtime, then
I had a luxurious time with it. But desire persecuted me every day and all day long; so within
the week I found myself hunting for larger cigars than I had been used to smoke; then larger
ones still, and still larger ones. Within the fortnight I was getting cigars made for me on a
yet larger pattern. They still grew in size. Within a month my cigar had grown to such pro-
portions that I could have used it as a crutch. It now seemed to me that a one-cigar limit was
no real protection to a person, so I knocked my pledge on the head and resumed my liberty.



Mr. Twain's
Brain Fever Bird.

On one occasion during my
journeys I climbed a mountain.
Then I came back. Half way
down the mountain we stopped
about an hour at Mr. Barnard's
house for refreshments; and
while we were sitting on the
veranda looking at the distant
panorama of hills through a
gap in the forest, we came very
near seeing a leopard kill a

thin a month my cigar had grown to such proportions
that I could have used it as a crutch."

cal. It killed it the day before. It is a wild place, and lovely.
From the woods all about came the songs of birds—among them
the contributions of a couple of birds which I was not then ac-
quainted with: the brain-fever bird and the coppersmith. The
song of the brain-fever demon starts on a low, but steadily rising
key, and it is a spiral twist which augments in intensity and
severity with each added spiral, growing sharper and sharper, and
more and more painful, more and more agonizing, more and more
maddening, intolerable, unendurable, as it bores deeper and deeper
into the listener's brain, until at last the brain fever comes as a
relief, and the man dies. I am bringing some of these birds home
to America. They will be a great curiosity there, and it is be-
lieved that in our climate they will multiply like rabbits.

The coppersmith bird's note, at a certain distance away, has
the ring of a sledge on granite; at a certain other distance the
hammering has a more metallic ring, and you might think that
the bird was mending a copper kettle; at another distance it has
a more woody thump; but it is a thump that is full of energy,
and sounds just like starting a bung.

At first I thought it might, but then remembered such things
never occurred in that locality. Still, it made me nervous, for I
have always been taught a bung starter was a very dangerous
weapon. I was alone and a stranger, and, of course, did not
know what might happen. I thought it must be a bird, but sev-
eral times in my life I have been mistaken, and this has taught
me caution.

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR. 9

one of those limpid pebbles through the veil of dark sand. I would like to spend my Saturday
holidays in that charming sport every now and then."

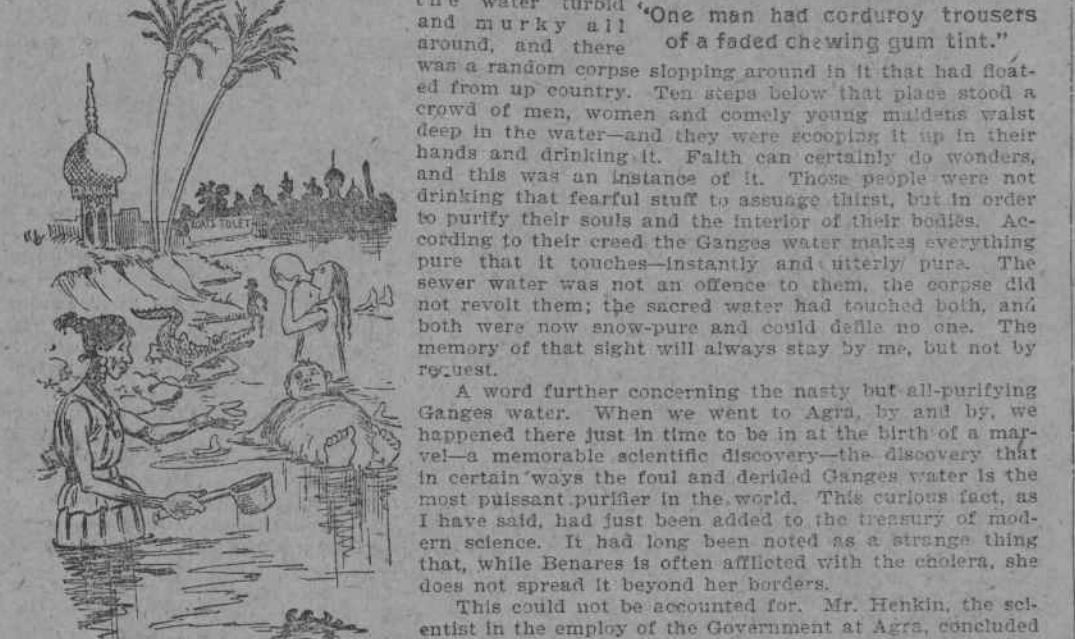
A Dude of the Transvaal.

One day at a village station in South Africa a hundred of the citizens got out of the third
class cars to feed. Their clothes were very interesting. For ugliness of shapes and for miracles
of ugly colors inharmoniously associated, they were a record.

The effect was nearly as exciting and interesting as
that produced by the brilliant and beautiful clothes and
perfect taste always on view at the Indian railway sta-
tions. One man had corduroy trousers of a faded chewing
gum tint. And they were new-looking that this tint did
not come by calamity, but was intentional—the very ug-
liest color I have ever seen. A gaunt, shakily, country
lout, six feet high, in a battered, gray, slouch hat with a
wide brim, and old, resin-colored breeches, had on a hideous
brand-new, woollen coat, which was imitation tiger skin—
wavy, broad stripes of dazzling yellow and deep brown.
I thought he ought to be hanged, and asked the station
master if it could be arranged. He said no, and not only
said that, but said it rudely, said it with quite an unneces-
sary show of feeling. Then he muttered something about
my being a Jackass, and walked away and pointed me out
to the people, and did everything he could to turn public
sentiment against me. It was what one gets for trying
to do good.

Not Viewed by Request.

I know I should get very tired of seeing people wash
their mouths with the dreadful Ganges water and drink it.
In fact, I did get tired of it, and very early, too. At one
place where we waited for a while the foul gush from a
sewer was making
the water turbid
and murky all
around, and there
was a random corpse
slopping around in it that had float-
ed from up country. Ten steps below that place stood
a crowd of men, women and comely young maidens waist
deep in the water and they were scooping it up in their
hands and drinking it. Faith can certainly do wonders,
and this was an instance of it. Those people were not
drinking that fearful stuff to assuage thirst, but in order
to purify their souls and the interior of their bodies. Ac-
cording to their creed the Ganges water makes everything
pure that it touches—instantly and utterly pure. The
sewer water was not an offence to them, the corpse did
not revolt them; the sacred water had touched both, and
both were now snow-pure and could defile no one. The
memory of that sight will always stay by me, but not by
request.



"The memory of that sight will al-
ways stay by me, but not
by request."

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR. 5

My travelling clock had a peculiarity which I was not aware of at the time—a peculi-
arity which exists in no other clock, and would not exist if that one if it had been made by a
sane person. On the half hour it strikes the succeeding hour, then strikes the hour again, at the
proper time, I lay reading and smoking awhile; then, when I could hold my eyes open no
longer, and was about to put out the light, the great clock began to boom and I counted ten, I
reached for the Waterbury, to see how it was getting along. It was marking 2:30. It seemed
rather poor speed for a three-dollar watch, but I supposed
that the climate was affecting it. I shoved it half an hour
ahead and took to my book and waited to see what would
happen. At 10 the great clock struck ten again. I looked—
the Waterbury was marking half-past ten. This was too
much speed for the money, and it troubled me. I pushed the
hands back a half hour and waited once more. I had to, for
I was vexed and restless now, and my sleeplessness was gone.
By and by the great clock struck 11; the Waterbury marked
10:30. I pushed it ahead a half hour, with some show of tem-
per. By and by the great clock struck 11 again. The Water-
bury showed up 11:30 now, and I beat her brains out against
the bedstead. I was sorry next day when I found out.



"Hello, Mark, is he dead?"

Just a little about Australia again. In
Melbourne I had to drive to and from the
lecture theatre, but in Sydney I was able
to walk both ways, and did it. Every night
on my way home, at ten or a quarter past,
I found the larrikin grouped in considerable
force at several of the street corners, and
he always gave me pleasant salutation:
"Hello, Mark!"
"Here's to you, old chap!"
"Say—Mark—is he dead?" a reference to
a passage in some book of mine, though I
did not detect at the time that that was his
source. And I didn't detect it afterward in
Melbourne, when I came
on the stage for the first
time, and the same ques-
tion was dropped down
upon me from the dizzy
height of the gallery. It
is always difficult to an-
swer a sudden inquiry
like that, when you have
come unprepared and
don't know what it
means. I will remark
here—if it is not an in-
decorum—that the wel-
come which an American
lecturer gets from a British
colonial audience is a thing
which will move him to his
deepest depths, and veil his
sight and break his voice.
And from Winnipeg to Africa
experience will teach him
nothing; he will never learn
to expect it; it will catch him as a surprise each time. The war cloud hanging black over Eng-
land and America made no trouble for me. I was a prospective prisoner of war, but at dinners,
suppers, on the platform, and elsewhere, there was never anything to remind me of it. This was
hospitality of the right metal, and would have been prominently lacking in some countries in the
circumstances.

Mr. Twain Enters Paradise.

When a traveller takes ship at San Francisco and steers toward Australia, he has the San-
wich Islands in mind. Imagine, then, our interest on the seventh day out, when we saw a dim
vast bulk standing up out of the wastes of the Pacific and knew that that spectral monument
was Diamond Head, a place of this world which I had not seen before for twenty-six years.
We were nearing Honolulu, the capital city of the Sandwich Islands—these islands were
Paradise; a Paradise which I had been longing all these years to see again. Not any other

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR. 10

towed it to the shore, and from beside it he dipped up water that was swarming with cholera
germs; at the end of six hours they were all dead. He added swarms after swarms of
cholera germs to this water, within the six hours they always died to the last sample. Evidently
he took pure well water which was barren of animal life and put into it a few cholera
germs; they always began to propagate at once, and always within six hours they swarmed and
were numerable by millions upon millions.

An African Flirtation.

One Sunday in King William's Town a score of colored women came mincing across the
great, barren square, dressed—oh, in the last perfection of fashion and newness, and expensiv-
ness, and showy mixture of unrelated colors—all just as I had seen it so often at home, and in
their faces and their gait was that languishing, aristocratic, divine delight in their finery which
was so familiar to me, and had always been such a satisfaction to my eye and heart. I seemed
among old, old friends—friends of fifty years—and I stopped and cordially greeted them. They
broke into a good-fellowship laugh, flashing their white teeth upon me, and all answered at once.
I did not understand a word they said; I was astonished; I was not dreaming that they would
answer in anything but American.

The voices, too, of the African women were familiar to me—sweet and musical, just like
those of the slave women of my early days. I followed a couple of them over the Orange Free
State—no, over its capital, Bloemfontein—to hear their liquid voices and the happy ripple of their
laughter. Their language was a large improvement upon the American. Also upon the Zulu.
It had no Zulu clicks in it, and it seemed to have no angles or corners, no roughness, no vile s's
or other hissing sounds, but was very, very mellow and round and flowing.

Cheer of the Funeral Pyre.

One time when we were in India I went
to see a funeral pyre. I had often writ-
ten the words, but never witnessed the
reality. There was some sort of a ser-
vice, and then they put the corpse on the
pyre and covered it with fuel. Then they
went away, or rather one of the mourners
remained behind when the others went
away. This was the dead man's son. The
boy applied the torch at his father's head,
then at his feet; the flames sprang brisk-
ly up with a sharp, crackling noise, and
the lad went away.

Meanwhile the corpse is burning, also
several others. It was a dismal business.
The stokers did not sit down in idleness
but moved briskly about, punching up the
fires with long poles, and now and then
adding fuel. Sometimes they hoisted the
half of a skeleton into the air, then
slammed it down and beat it with the
pole, breaking it up so that it would burn
better. They hoisted skulls in the
same way and banged and battered them.
The sight was hard to bear; it would have
been harder if the mourners had stayed
to witness it. I had but a moderate de-
sire to see a cremation; so I was soon
satisfied. For sanitary reasons it would
be well if cremation were universal; but
this form of it is revolting and is not to
be recommended.

The fire used is sacred, of course—for
there is money in it. Ordinary fire is for-
bidden—there is no money in it. I was
told that this sacred fire is all furnished
by one person, and that he has a mono-
poly of it and charges a good price for it.
This monopoly, I decided, would never
do for us. I had always supposed a gentleman in red has the fire monopoly, but travel is a re-
markable teacher.

